

THE
MIRROR OF THE STAGE

ed,
New Dramatic Censor;

CONSISTING OF
 ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,
CRITICISMS

ON THE
NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS;
 ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,
 &c. &c. &c.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Full account of the Theatrical Fund Dimier, with the speeches at full length—List of the Subscription.</p> <p>Illustration of Shakespear's Female Characters. On Desdemona.</p> <p>Spirited Letter of the Editor, in reply to an attack "on Mr. Kean's acting; &c. &c. &c."</p> <p>Literary Review, the Age of Bronze, with copious Extracts.</p> <p>THEATRICAL DIARY. List of the Nightly Performances.</p> <p>DRURY LANE—The Castle of Andalusia, Braham, Horn, &c.—Marriage of Figaro, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. H. Hughes, Miss Stephens, &c. &c.</p> <p>COVENT GARDEN—Maid Marian, Mr. C. Kemble.—As You Like It, &c. &c.</p> | <p>ADELPHI—Full account of the performances of Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. John Reeve, with remarks on the same.</p> <p>SURREY THEATRE—Miss Edmiston. Fair Rosamond, Miss Tokely, Mr. Bengough's Richard the Third, &c.</p> <p>DAVIS'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE—General performances.</p> <p>ROYAL COMURG—King John, &c. &c. Rowbotham, Stanley, Miss Parrock. Lord Mansfield's Wig, &c. &c.</p> <p>SADLER'S WELLS—General performances.</p> <p>OLYMPIC THEATRE—Mr. Alexandre's performances.</p> <p>Letter from Mrs. Christmas respecting Mrs. Chatterly, &c. &c.</p> <p>THESPIAN ORACLE—Account of the performance, &c. &c. at the Portsmouth Theatre, &c. &c. Chichester, &c. &c. Chit Chat, &c. &c.</p> |
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Embellished with a striking Portrait by J. R. Cruikshank, Esq. of
Mr. JOHN REEVE, as Monsieur La Tripp, in
"Bachelor's Torments."

LONDON:

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MRS. CHRISTMAS AND MRS. CHATTERLY.

The subjoined epistle has been submitted to our notice, in reply to a most liberal statement which appeared in a recent number of the "Examiner." Our readers are doubtless not in possession of the numerous matters which have given rise to the controversy, and as the following facts are verified by oath, we consider ourselves bound, in justice to the injured party, and for the satisfaction of the public, to make them known.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR OF THE STAGE."

SIR,—Observing in the "Examiner" of Sunday, the 6th inst. a multiplicity of falsehoods, which I wish much to have corrected, and in justice to the case, I have no doubt but you will see necessary.

When I unfortunately married Mr. Christmas, I was possessed of £4000 in the 3 per cents. exclusive of a considerable sum in my banker's hands for general use,* besides £625 I received subsequent to our marriage, through the hands of Mr. Lee, my first husband's family solicitor, which, the moment I received, I handed to Mr. Christmas, in the presence of Mr. Lee's clerk, and which was but a few months previous to his most cruel conduct of banishing me from my house at Knightsbridge.

The account of my ever living separate from my first husband, through any misunderstanding, is *false*, as his letters to me when visiting my friends would testify. We never were absent from each other unless on visits or business, nor never was a more happy couple while life spared us together: also as to a contemplation of a separation between Mr. Christmas (my present husband) and myself, before he got acquainted with Mrs. Chatterly, is equally as *false*, as I can prove by our circle of acquaintance, also by our maid-servant, who lived with me three years of the time in question.

My first, my fatal acquaintance with Mrs. Chatterly, was concerning her benefit about to take place at the Olympic Theatre in the spring of 1821; she was recommended to my notice, by Mrs. Henderson of Palace Yard (and another lady with her) as an act of charity to take some tickets, as she was an interesting person, but much distressed. I heard shortly after, that her husband died on or before the night of her benefit, which called forth all the sympathy of a feeling heart, which, ever to be lamented, I had for her; and in May, 1821, I first saw her poor and penniless, I invited her to my house at Knightsbridge, both her and child, and also her mother, alternately, where she made it her home for a week or so at a time.

During their visits, I have proof to say, that my husband, Mrs. Chatterly and her mother were heard * * * * * to irritate me to some violence, as an apology to send me to a * * * * *, which convinces me (in addition to what I have seen) that Mrs. Chatterly is the sole cause of the separation between me and my husband, to which I never did, nor never will say to the contrary; as it was only six months acquaintance with her to the time, October 1821, when I was deprived of my house and furniture: the better part of my furniture Mrs. Chatterly has at this time in a house in Craven Street, Strand.

He says his author is a gentleman of character, I am sorry he is so deceived, as no gentleman would assert such falsehoods, or how could any man presume to say that no improper intimacy exists or did exist between Mr. Christmas and Mrs. Chatterly, such were the words of Mr. Place, (Taylor and Habit Maker) of Charing Cross, at the examination at Bow Street, Tuesday, April 1, 1823. Although Mr. Place was the first who observed (with many others of Mrs. Chatterly's friends) to me, that he would not allow his wife to visit me if I continued an acquaintance with Mrs. Chatterly.

Instead of Mrs. Chatterly requiring a woman to protect her, I have frequently seen Mr. Christmas with her in the evening, particularly on the evening of the 16th of December last, between eight and nine o'clock; I attempted to speak with him, but he avoided me, he having Mrs. Chatterly walking arm in arm with him. I then turned to speak to Mrs. Chatterly, by laying my hand on her arm, but she hurried away, and left her shawl in my hands: they both ran up Southampton Street; but, in the sheds of Covent-garden Market I lost them—

It is stated in the "Morning Herald" of Monday the 7th inst. that my allowance was always paid in advance; but when I was turned out of my house by Mr. Christmas, I certainly received £30. but I always understood that to be an outset, not as a quarter in advance, having no other means left of supporting myself, but the settlement which unfortunately I was compelled to sign, through fear, as he had often threatened me; and his friends assured me if I did not, I would be put on parish pay. For the present I shall only add, that thus far is the unfortunate case of—SIR, your most obedient and very humble servant,

ELIZA CHRISTMAS.

21, Norfolk Street, Strand.—April, 22, 1823.

* Mr. Christmas is now Clerk in the house of Messrs. Hoare, my late banker.

THE
Mirror of the Stage;
OR,
NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

No. 20.] MONDAY, MAY 5th, 1823. [Vol. II.

ADDRESS.

We never perform a duty with more regret, than when it becomes necessary for us to trespass on the kindness of our friends to excuse any seeming omission on our parts. It was our intention to have given (as usual) a Biographical Sketch (of Mr. John Reeve) in our present Number; but, in consequence of circumstances over which we had no control, we are deprived for the present of obtaining the necessary material, and compelled, most reluctantly, to postpone the life of that favorite Comedian till our next, when we shall give it, together with an engraving, illustrative of the various characters personated by that gentleman, in the favorite Entertainment of "Trifles light as Air" now performing at the Adelphi Theatre.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.

On Monday the Eighth Anniversary Dinner of this charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern: his Royal Highness the Duke of York in the chair.

On "Success to the Covent-Garden Theatrical Fund," being given from the chair, Mr. Braham sung the popular air, the "Death of Nelson," accompanying himself on the piano. The company received it with ardent demonstrations of applause.

The Earl of Tankerville then rose, and having prefaced the toast with a brief eulogy, proposed the health of "his Royal Highness the Duke of York."

The Royal Duke returned thanks in a few words, in which he ex-

pressed his earnest desire to support the best interests of the charity.

Miss Paton, who was seated in the gallery, then sung a Scotch air in exquisite style.

The "Health of the Vice-Presidents" was next proposed, and Mr. Lambton expressed his acknowledgment on his own part, and that of his colleagues. He urged, in appropriate terms, the claims which decayed actors had on the bounty of the public, and, after eulogizing the conduct of the Royal Family in furthering the cause of charity in every instance, appealed to the company not to suffer the descendants of those persons to pine in indigence, who had frequently contributed to their amusement.

The "Health of Mr. Fawcett, the Treasurer of the Covent-Garden Theatrical Fund," being drunk,

Mr. Fawcett returned thanks, in a speech which was received with much applause. After quoting from a pamphlet an enumeration of the qualities of an actor, he thus proceeded:—"These, gentlemen, are said to be some of the requisites essential to a finished actor; and well may that profession be called rigid in its exactions, and exorbitant in its demands, which calls for such combinations. To expect there should be many actors so qualified, would be unreasonable: to say there never was one so gifted, would be unjust; for me to dwell on the accomplishments of those who now occupy the stage, might be considered sycophantic: but without making myself obnoxious to this suspicion, I may say, that mournful remembrance presents to my mind one, in whom these perfections were all united—[Here Mr. Charles Kemble retired from the room, apparently much affected at the allusion to his deceased brother]—an actor whom we have but lately lost—and one who justly stood rich in the respect of every dramatic critic, possessed of taste and learning. But gentlemen, we are called upon to lament another loss—to us heavy indeed; one, which I may, perhaps, be permitted to call, not more a public loss, than, to us, a domestic calamity. He "who was wont to set the table in a roar;" he whom our illustrious Chairman so often graciously condescended to encourage, in delighting us with his "York! you're wanted," is no more! He, poor fellow, is now indeed wanted. As John Kemble might be called the Sir Joshua Reynolds of his art, so John Emery might fairly be stiled the Morland of it. I am sure, Gentlemen, it must be a heartfelt satisfaction to you to know, that by your support of this Institution, we have been enabled to assist our departed friend's family with 75*l.* per annum.—40*l.* to his widow, and 35*l.* to his aged mother. I confess I loved him—every body who knew him must have done so; for in him were combined a rare assortment of talents, blended with an extraordinary portion of good nature, good humour, and every companionable qualification. He was a painter by taste, a musician by education, a poet by necessity, and an actor by nature. I know nothing in which any other man excelled where my friend was deficient, except, perhaps, evil speaking, lying, and slandering, and in these he was a baby in ignorance."

One or two more toasts having been given, Mr. Yates entertained the company with a song which was highly applauded. Mr. Broad-

hurst gave in a sweet and simple style, peculiarly his own, a Scotch ballad, that appealed to the hearts of all who heard it.

It appeared from the statement of the Treasurer, that the subscriptions received on the present occasion amounted to 1240*l*.—It was nearly twelve o'clock before the Royal Chairman retired.

SHAKSPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

No. 5. DESDEMONA.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissention between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied:
They stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off;
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
When heav'n was all tranquillity!

MOORE.

There has been a controversy of long standing between those whose sun of existence is sinking into dimness, and those who are just rising into the gaiety of life, whether filial duty should yield the sceptre of command to love, when these two become opposing principles of action. We would not be backward to render our willing homage to those who have soothed our infancy and guided our childhood. We think it is the holiest sight of all, when one, who is crowned with youth and beauty, sits down to watch over parental infirmities, and smooth the passage to the tomb, of those who smoothed their passage into life. There is something in the spectacle calmer and more alluring, than the dulness and the darkness of reality, when we fancy a gentle being, bending affectionately over the couch of the thankless, regarding the fretful glances of the eye, as proofs of "a weakness that requires still more to be comforted;" and the tear that is wept then, seems the softest tear of all: but, notwithstanding all this, we are free to confess, that we hold it not unpardonable, when the ardour of earliest love leads its devoted subjects to some rash though strictly honourable action; and deeply do we lament, when the penitence of the young offenders leads them to sue forgiveness there where it was never before denied them, if the parent can stoically cast from his door the child of his bosom. Perhaps we shall see these things differently hereafter: "Our way of life" is not yet "in the sear." We have scarcely brought our blood down to the temperature of prudence; but at present we are not pleased, when Brabantio denies the solace of a father's house to her who had ever occupied that father's heart, and whose only crime was to have followed the dictate of honourable love, and obeyed the religion of nature. We may be wrong; the appeal is to mankind, and to their principles of morality, and to them we leave the matter.

But the feature in Desdemona's character to which we look with the greatest pleasure, is the willing confidence of affection with which she reposes on her husband's love: here is "the pathos of feeling truly felt:" it beams around her brow a halo of glory, which

all who see must honour. It is the charm of domestic life which makes her very sorrows sweet. There was a bosom in which she could always pour them, a heart which would be open to shelter her, though the world should frown upon her; and while that heart was open, let the world neglect her, she cared not: it supported her even under the displeasure of her father, and she had a soul to love him as daughters love not often. It was a principle which sustained her when she left the abode of her youth, which the fairy hand of infant innocence had covered with a sky more blue, and brightened by a sun more clear, than the cold world around it could enjoy. But he was more than all the world to her. "She had no country but in his mind, no home but in his presence, no heaven but in his heart," love filled her soul, and was the god of her idolatry; and thus her days passed on in unruffled peace, which dreamt not of its termination.

Is it a scene like this, that jealousy is to blacken with foul deformity? Is this the heart of purity over which shall be cast the jaundiced mantle of slander? If there be a spot which can ever approach to the felicity of innocent man, it is in the heart of such a mortal. And if there be happiness which might enrage the demons, whose glory is in desolation, and their pride in misery, it is in the mutual love of Othello and Desdemona. And even here, all-withering suspicion comes! It is a sad reverse which we have to view, but we must behold it. This is not the age nor the region of continual happiness, and the heart which is now cheered by its bright beams, may soon be plunged in the hell of black despair.

The first intimations of the direful passion which was to engross the soul of Othello excite in Desdemona surprise, stupefaction and dismay: it was the portentous gathering of the clouds for a storm, that was to burst in ruin upon her head. What could it mean? Hers was the confidence of innocence, and how should she believe the man who trusted her so willingly would be the first to "call her by that name." But when the dreadful truth comes home upon her with absolute proof, whither shall she turn? Now is come the hour of trial. A prouder spirit might have risen above it, and a vulgar soul might have rested in it; but to the meek, the gentle Desdemona, it is the wreck of peacefulness. She had looked to his bosom as her refuge in danger, and therefore she had made it her throne, while she sat so proudly in her glory. But this was the vision of departed joy, and Oh! she dared not hope its return.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine her to that sweet sleep,
She owed before.

It is a storm from which there is no retreat. Home is the door which is closed against her: and for the bustling crowd, why "Scorn would point his slow unmoving finger" as she passed. The crisis of her fate was come; and before she had time "to drive that monster from Othello's mind," her sun had sunk for ever, and her spirit was at rest. Her heart had received a blow, which it could not survive, and which could be forgotten only in the grave.

Man! Man! when wilt thou learn, that woman's honour and thine

own are dearer to her than thou thinkest? When shall she lean upon a trusting heart?

Let the female catch the dying groan of Desdemona, and gaze upon Othello's marble brow, and determined step, and strive to learn a timely lesson. "Let it be discoursed of! let it be discoursed of! let it be discoursed of! while there is a single creature who doats and dreams upon the brink of jealousy, and knows not the smothering effect it is to produce upon her peace. For her to be suspected is to be guilty, and when she falls,

She falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

PHILO-TRAGICUS.

THE EDITOR IN REPLY

To the Letter of PINCHER on Mr. Kean's acting, &c.

"What judgment shall I fear; doing no wrong."

SIR,—Without presuming to follow even at an humble distance, the elegant manner in which you have been pleased to express your censures, and a desire "to lash folly, ignorance and illiberality wherever you find it;" yet, I should be doing a violence to my own feelings, and a gross injustice to the Proprietors of the Work to which I have had the honor to contribute, did I not avail myself of the earliest opportunity to answer your letter. Indifferent to the fear of exposing myself to a charge of vanity, I can with pleasure reflect, that, in the performance of a difficult task, which partiality perhaps, and not judgment, imposed on me, I have never in any one instance been influenced by personal prejudice:—it has been my study equally to avoid a junction with the common pack of adulatory flatterers, who cry up every rising favorite, as it has been my desire to steer clear of the fastidiousness of those who would find blemishes even in perfection! I have judged and spoken my opinion, not from a hasty glance in the box-lobbies, but from an undivided, and I may add, laborious attention to the whole business of the scene. Actors and actresses I have considered only as their excellence commanded my admiration, or their errors deserved exposure:—it has ever been my pride, as it was my duty, to add my humble but sincere praise to the tragic monarch of a patent theatre, as to the aspirant subordinate of a minor one;—how that opinion has been received, the already considerable and still increasing sale of the *MIRROR OF THE STAGE* is a proud and gratifying proof of the public's approbation of my labors.

I have considered it necessary to be thus diffuse in explaining the motives that have governed my conduct, because I am unwilling to be thought capable of entertaining any thing like a feeling of hostility towards Mr. Kean, and which to you, Sir, seems "the very head and front of my offending." I disclaim most positively any such feeling; and I flatter myself I am as much above so base, so unworthy an act, as Mr. Kean is above the censures of the malevolent.

I must, however, in candor admit, that the interpretation which you have put upon my expression is certainly the only one which in

its present form it will bear; but it is far from the meaning intended to be conveyed; for, owing to an error of the press, the passage is completely misunderstood—it should have been thus, “the eye of Mr. Kean reeling with joy,—when in fact the only thing that *reeled* was the critic himself from the effects of Hodges’ full proof, &c.” This I trust will be deemed a sufficient answer to your charge of illiberality in alluding to the Bacchanalian frailties of Mr. Kean. So far from wishing to expose the private errors of actors, I have looked at them only as public characters; and I care not whether the chaste Desdemona be a strumpet, Hamlet a bully, or Hotspur a coward; my chief object in the brief notice of Mr. Kean being to expose the ridiculous puffs of time serving critics.

Thus far for my motives—now, Sir, for your *whys* and *wherefores*. Theatrical criticism is, of all descriptions of writing, the most confined and profitless; for, if the critic enters at large into the particular merits of an actor and his performance, he runs the risk of being considered tedious; and if, on the contrary, he confines himself to ringing the changes upon difficult degrees of excellence, he is sure to find “some d—d good natured friend” some *kind quibbling Pincher*, who runs a muck against him, and very generously (granting, of course, that he is conquered) leaves the *poor dog* to scramble out of the mire, which his Quixottic antagonist has kicked up around him.

I have ever understood, Sir, that when a man takes upon himself the *onus probandi*, as the lawyers say, it is at least necessary to come into court with *clean hands*; how justly, how consistently, therefore, must a charge of illiberality come from one who expresses himself with acrimonious severity! As for my ignorance, Sir, it would be a proof of it did I say one word upon that part of your charge, I can only add “I shall be glad to learn of wiser men.” Pray ye instruct me.

But to conclude, you appear to be surprised at my speaking in general terms of Mr. Kean’s style of acting: pray let me ask, with every respect for so *acute* a commentator, am I the only one who has so expressed himself? nay, so common is the phrase, (I do not mean to say that it is not a custom “more honored in the breach than the observance,”) that the first critics of the day have and are constantly adopting it; why, then, should I be selected as the only one guilty of this *monstrous* offence, and the only one deserving the weight of your censures?

With every respect, therefore, for your opinions, I must decline sacrificing my judgment at the shrine of your partiality, I will just add with the poet, that it is doubtful

“Which shews the greatest want of skill,
“Who writes or he who judges ill.”

I am, Sir, Yours,

H.

Literary Review,

THE AGE OF BRONZE.—BY LORD BYRON,

(Concluded from page 103.)

“Every one interested in the cause of moral liberty and human rights, must read with an assuring hope of its reality, the following—

" But 'twill not be—the spark's awakened—lo!
 The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow;
 The same high spirit which beat back the Moor
 Through eight long ages of alternate gore,
 Revives—and where? in that avenging clime
 Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,
 Where Cortes' and Pizarro's banner flew;
 The infant world redeems her name of "New."
 'Tis the old aspiration breathed afresh,
 To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
 Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
 Where Greece was—No! she still is Greece once more."

Glancing at the fêtes of Verona on the assembling of the Congress—

" Aye, shout! inscribe! rear monuments of shame,
 To tell Oppression that the world is tame!
 Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,
 The comedy is not upon the stage;
 The show is rich in ribbonry and stars,
 Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
 Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
 For thus much still thy fettered hands are free!"

Alexander has a touch of his native knowt in the following—

" Resplendent sight! behold the coxcomb Czar,
 The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
 As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
 And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
 A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
 And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit;
 Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
 But hardened back whenever the morning's raw;
 With no objection to true liberty,
 Except that it would make the nations free.
 How well the Imperial Dandy prates of peace,
 How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece!
 How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
 Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet!
 How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
 With all her pleasant palka, to lecture Spain;
 How royally shew off in proud Madrid
 His goodly person, from the South long hid;
 A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
 By having Muscovites for friends or foes."

• • • • •

" I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun
 Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun;
 But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander
 Rather a worm than such an Alexander!
 Be slaves who will, the Cynic shall be free;
 His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopé;
 Still will he hold his lantern up to scan
 The face of monarchs for an "honest man."

Poor Louis! we hope this will be translated, in order to furnish the French nation at large with a just portrait of their legitimate tyrant.

" But where's the Monarch? hath he dined? or yet
 Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt?
 Have revolutionary patés risen,
 And turned the royal entrails to a prison?
 Have discontented movements stirred the troops?
 Or have no movements followed traitorous soups?"

No. 20.

N

Have Carbonare cooks not carbonadoed
 Each course enough? or doctors dire dissuaded
 Repletion? Ah! in thy dejected looks
 I read all France's treason in her cooks!
 Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,
 Desirable to be the "Desiré?"
 Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,
 Apician table and Horatian ode,
 To rule a people who will not be ruled,
 And love much rather to be scourged than schooled?"

The country gentlemen, the little Neros, that tear the life-blood
 from their mother's womb, are next lashed.

"Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
 Bewail her now uncountried gentlemen?"

Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
 Their brethren out to battle—why? for Rent!
 Year after year they voted cent. per cent.
 Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for Rent!
 They roared, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant
 To die for England—why then live? for Rent!
 The peace has made one general malcontent
 Of these high-market patriots; war was Rent!
 Their love of country, millions all mis-spent,
 How reconcile? by reconciling Rent.
 And will they not repay the treasures lent?
 No: down with every thing, and up with Rent!
 Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
 Being, end, aim, religion—Rent, Rent, Rent!
 Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess:
 Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten less;
 Now thou hast swilled thy pottage, thy demands
 Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands."

Messrs. Rothschild, or rather, your employers, hear you this?

"Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march,
 'Tis gold, not steel, that rear's the conqueror's arch.
 Two Jews, a chosen people, can command
 In every realm their scripture-promised land:—
 Two Jews keep down the Romans, and uphold
 The accursed Hun, more brutal than of old:
 Two Jews—but not Samaritans—direct
 The world, with all the spirit of their sect.
 What is the happiness of earth to them?
 A Congress forms their "New Jerusalem,"
 Where baronies and orders both invite—
 Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see the sight?
 Thy followers mingling with these royal swine,
 Who spit not "on their Jewish gaberdine,"
 But honour them as portion of the show—
 (Where now, oh, Pope! is thy forsaken toe?
 Could it not favour Judah with some kicks?
 Or has it ceased to "kick against the pricks?")
 On Shylock's shore behold them stand afresh,
 To cut from nation's hearts their "pound of flesh."
 Strange sight this Congress! destined to unite
 All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.
 I speak not of the Sovereigns—they're alike,
 A common coin as ever mint could strike:
 But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
 Have more of motley than their heavy kings."

Last of all, and strangely true—

"Enough of this—a sight more mournful woe
 The averted eye of the reluctant Muse.

The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
 The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;
 The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
 The young Astyanax of modern Troy;
 The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
 That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;
 She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
 The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
 Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
 A daughter? What did France's widow there?
 Her bitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
 Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
 But, no,—she still must hold a petty reign,

But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
 Of all her beams—while nations gaze and mourn—
 Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
 To chill in their inhospitable clime;
 (If ere those awful ashes can grow cold;—
 But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould)
 She comes!—the Andromache (but not Racine's,
 Nor Homer's) Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
 Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
 Which cut her lord's half shattered sceptre through,
 Is offered and accepted! Could a slave
 Do more? or less?—and he in his new grave!
 Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
 And the *Ex* Empress grows as *Ex* a wife!
 So much for human ties in royal breasts!
 Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests?"

After taking a glance at the kilted Sir William Curtis, as a silly
 finish to such mournful madness or guilt, call it which you will,—
 Lord Byron's snuise—

"Burst into a laughter so extreme,
 That he awoke—and lo! it was no dream!"

Adding—

"Here, reader, will we pause:—if there's no harm in
 This first—you'll have, perhaps, a second "*Carmen*."

We sincerely hope so—for a work of this description is invaluable
 in its effects—for, though perhaps impossible to reclaim fools or
 would-be tyrants, it prevents the already roused minds of men
 from falling into apathetic submission.

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY LANE.

April 21st, *Othello*, *Chinese Sorcerer*—22d, *Castle of Andalusia*, *Chinese Sorcerer*—23d, *Cymbeline*, *Chinese Sorcerer*—24th, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Simpson & Co. Deaf as a Post*—25th, *Othello*, *Killing no Murder*—26th, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Love, Law, and Physic*, *Simpson and Co.*—28th, *Cymbeline*, *Chinese Sorcerer*—29th, *Guy Mannering*, *Chinese Sorcerer*—30th, *Othello*, *Killing no Murder*—May 1st, *Rob Roy*, *Ballet*, *Simpson & Co.*—2d, *Merchant of Venice*, *Love, Law, and Physic*—3d, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Simpson & Co.*

"*The Castle of Andalusia*" has been played, in which Braham exerted his powers with great success—his execution of "*On this cold stony Rock*," breathed the very soul of song.—The duet of "*All's Well*," in which he was assisted by Horn, was not so suc-

cessful. Miss Stephens was in admirable voice, and met deserved approbation. Harley is the very *Pedrillo* of the author,—the smirking, impudent “serving-man” could not be more ably portrayed.—Knight’s *Spado* is an excellent performance:—his dreaming scene was particularly happy.

Mozart’s Opera of “*the Marriage of Figaro*,” with all its harmonious richness, has been played here several times, Elliston’s *Count Almaviva* was as spirited and elegant as the imagination could desire: *Figaro*, by Liston, though an excellent and humorous piece of acting, is certainly very inferior to Pearman’s at Covent Garden; the latter, while possessing considerable talent as a low comedian, has the additional advantage of being able to *sing* the airs of the character. Harley’s *Antonio* is also not so good as Fawcett’s, there is not that comic richness about it. Mrs. Austin, as the *Countess*, is at a fearful distance from Miss Paton:—if, however, they are behind the rival establishment in these characters, it is ably compensated by the charming *naïvete* of Miss Stephens and Mrs. H. Hughes in *Susanna* and the *Page*:—the former was the very soul of melody, and warbled delightfully, and the latter was the mischievous pet boy to the very life.

“*Love, Law and Physic*,” and *Simpson and Co.* concluded the evening’s amusement, which we never recollect to have passed more to our satisfaction.

COVENT GARDEN.

April 21st, Macbeth, Vision of the Sun—22d, Maid Marian, Vision of the Sun—23d, Much ado about Nothing, Vision of the Sun—24th, King John, 25th, Comedy of Errors, Vision of the Sun—26th, Jealous Wife, Vision of the Sun—28th, King Henry VIII, Harlequin and the Ogress—29th, Much ado about Nothing, Marriage of Figaro—30th, As You Like It, Harlequin and the Ogress—May 1st, Way to Keep Him, Harlequin and the Ogress—2d, Wallace, Harlequin and the Ogress—3d, As you like it, Harlequin and the Ogress.

“*Maid Marion*” has been played here, in which Mr. C. Kemble still meets his due share of applause for his admirable acting of “*Friar Tuck*.”

“*As You Like It*,” was represented for the benefit of Mr. C. Kemble, and it was with equal surprise and regret we witnessed a very indifferent house.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

WILKINSON AND JOHN REEVE.—This Theatre opened on Thursday week, introducing Messrs. Wilkinson and Reeve to public notice. There can be no such difficult effort in dramatic practice, as that of one actor to busy and amuse the mind of his auditors for any lengthened period—the observation must be secured by perpetual mutability; the man himself must be so frequently subdued and lost in self-created disguise, making the requisite endowments of many indispensibly needful in one.

With these assurances, we attended the *debut* of Mr. Wilkinson,

and when we reflected on the usual direction of this gentleman's talent, were surprised at the quickness and aptitude of transition he displayed in the more flippant characters—which were so humourously and chastely contrasted by the oddity and eccentric that at times appeared, and chequered the worldly group of smattering flutterers, with acrid nonchalance, and solemn emptiness—an upstart every thing asserter, and splenetic negative—a whipper-snapper “know all,” and cynical response of “Lie.”—Mr. W. shews us a museum of peculiarity, and, like a true *virtuoso*, by his devoted care and attention to the effect, inspires us with a mutual admiration of their worth. He kept the house in continual good-humour, the laugh was unforced, and prevailing, and we do not remember spending a more agreeable evening than this, which placed Mr. Wilkinson in a situation where, tho’ opposed to public recollection, and the mazes of antrodden ground, he has gained so completely the approbation of the former, but just equaling the deserts of persevering ability.

To Mr. Reeves we must also award unqualified praise.—He fulfilled the share allotted to him with indefatigable industry, adding considerably to the evening’s amusement.—He sung a mock bravura with much talent; and the lovers of mimicry may receive pleasure from the justness of his imitations, which met with much applause. The theatre was and continues to be well filled.

SURREY THEATRE.

The absence of the “*Thousand-guinea Esquimaux*,” and Oxberry, have been compensated by the production of a piece founded on the story of “*Fair Rosamond*,” which was as ridiculous as the compiler could desire; but as it afforded a very fair opportunity for some excellent acting by Miss Edmiston, it has been tolerated. In the part of the last fortnight “*the Miser*” has been played with some spirit: Buckingham’s *Lovegold* was good, but coarse—Buxton, as the *Valet*, pleased us much: if he will leave off a trifling portion of the affectation which he occasionally assumes, he will assuredly rise in his profession. Miss Tokely’s *Lappet* was very fair.

Shield’s tragedy of “*Evadne*,” under the title of “*Constance*, or the Conspirator of Naples,” was introduced here; but with the solitary exception of Miss Edmiston, we must say, we saw nothing worthy of notice: that lady’s acting fully convinced us of the injudicious conduct of the Lessee of Drury-lane in suffering her to leave that theatre. The last act of Richard 3d, nicknamed “*the Usurper’s Dream*,” was a fine comic treat. We are sure Bengough could never of his own accord have played the crook-back’d tyrant; it was so bad, that we have too much respect for this actor to say another sentence about it. A Mr. Julian, from some provincial theatre, made his *debut* at *Richmond*; but we trust he will never again aspire above a booth at Bartholomew Fair, there, perhaps, he may do; but beyond it, never.—A scene is also introduced representing a “*Storm at Sea*,” but for no other purpose that we could divine, but the annoyance of the Pit company, by plentifully bestowing on them the dust of a shaken blanket.

DAVIS'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

The *High Mettled Racer* and the *Female Freebooter* continue to be attractive, and the public gives the best proof of their approbation, by the full houses which the proprietor has the gratification of seeing every evening. A new piece is to be produced to-night, which we shall take care to notice.

ROYAL COBURG.

It is a source of gratification to us to find, that the hint which we threw out to the manager of this house has been adopted; we allude to the production of pieces founded upon interesting epochs of our history. How infinitely preferable are such, with all their delightful associations, to the trash and obscenity of those which have unhappily too often disgraced the boards of the Coburg. We must confess, when we saw "*Magna Charta, or the Eventful Reign of King John*," announced, we had some tremulous forebodings for the fame of Mr. Milner. The master hand of Shakespear has thrown a *halo* around all the actions of that imbecile monarch, as to render the approach of any other author the height of ambitious presumption. It is but justice, however, to Mr. M. to acknowledge, that he has executed his task with great ability, having, as far as possible, avoided direct imitation; and where it has been necessary to introduce any of the incidents of the celebrated tragedy, as in the scene between *Hubert* and *Arthur*, he has paid that respect which every man of good taste would pay (*viz.*) given us Shakespear unstained by any co-partnership with any modern nonsense. The glorious circumstances connected with the ratification of the great charter of our liberties are adhered to with scrupulous accuracy: it would therefore only be a waste of our readers' patience to describe the plot, which must be familiar to every Englishman; the only deviation that we can discern from the historical facts (and that we consider a very pardonable one) is that *Baron Falconbridge* (Rowbotham) is enamored of the *Lady Constance*, and by her instigation, poisons the *King*, who dies on the field of *Runnemed*, as soon as he has signed the great Charter. The character of *King John* is drawn with much judgment, and was acted with proportionate effect by *Huntley*. *Philip Falconbridge*, (*Stanley*) is exceedingly faulty, it is as unlike the high-minded hero of our immortal bard, as a pea is to a pyramid. The *Lady Constance* again is more like an enraged virago than the sorrowing matron, or the persecuted widow. *Arthur* is preserved entire, and presented to us, as in the original, the beautiful child of nature. *Hubert* is distorted into a murderous ruffian, who is justly punished with death by *Baron Falconbridge*. With all these errors (and it is no disgrace to Mr. Milner that he has failed when treading in the steps of Shakespear) the piece is highly interesting and effective: it has been got up at a considerable expence, and the scenery, dresses, and decorations, are very splendid: the applause with which it was received by a very respectable audience, must convince the proprietor how the public estimates his exertions to

please them; for ourselves, we consider him entitled to great praise in bringing out a piece which embodies the most eventful and at the same time the most glorious period of our history. The performers exerted themselves very laudably to perform their several duties, we particularly apply our good opinion to Miss Parrock, who looked and played *Prince Arthur* with taste and feeling. "*Lord Mansfield's Wig*," having been cut so close by the audience as to occasion it being withdrawn, we refrain from saying a word upon it. We are much pleased with the arrangement at this house of dividing the boxes, by which means the heads of families can gratify their youthful charges, without being annoyed by the noisy impertinence of box lobby loungers, or the still more offensive prattle of the impures.

SADLERS WELLS.

There has not been any novelty here worthy of notice since our former number, with the exception of the burlesque piece of "*Dolly and the Rat*," which appears to be as much relished at this theatre as it was at the Olympic. The "*Russian Mountains*," in the pantomime, are exceedingly popular; and bring excellent houses. A new piece is in rehearsal, for the purpose of reviving the water scenes so long the boast of this house.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Unwilling to be considered worse than our words, we, with pleasure refer again to the performance here by M. Alexandre: the concluding part of the display of his extraordinary powers of imitation is unquestionably the most perfect and the best; because, all the characters in the preceding parts, together with a numerous train of auxiliaries, of dogs, cats, turkeys, pigs, children, &c. are here brought into more immediate contact, and produce effect the most amusing and laughable:—the crying of an infant, and the barking of dogs, are mimicked with the greatest accuracy. We perceive by the bills that a new Entertainment is promised; we shall most certainly attend, "report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

Thespian Oracle.

Written expressly for the Mirror of the Stage.

PORTSMOUTH THEATRE.

April 2—was performed "*Rich and Poor*." *Lord Lisless* by Mr. Shalders was an exceeding fine piece of acting, as was the *Frank* of Mr. Floyer; the other characters were uncommonly well sustained. The farce of "*Simpson and Co.*" followed: it would have been very attractive, had the female characters been well assigned; but *Mrs. Simpson*, as performed by Mrs. Davies, was rather too boisterous; and had it not been for the truly excellent performances of Messrs. Floyer and Shalders, as *Simpson and Co.* the audience perhaps would not have gone away well pleased.—5th, "*Rivals*," and

"*Maid and the Magpie*," *Sir A. Absolute*, in the play, by Mr. Floyer, and *Annette*, in the farce, by Miss Kelly, were as well sustained as we ever saw them on the London boards. 7th. "*Iron Chest*," *Sir Edward Mortimer* by Mr. Cooke, who being a brother of Mrs. W. West's, we forbear saying any thing more of than that he does not appear to possess the slightest portion of that ability displayed by his sister. *Wilford*, by Mr. Keene, was well enacted. 11th, "*Alexander the Great*:" the strong ability evinced by Mr. Forrest, in *Clytus*, were very justly appreciated by every one who saw it, and will doubtless one day raise him to a higher station than a Country Theatre. *Alexander*, by Mr. Shalders, produced great applause. The manager possesses an invaluable actor in this gentleman, who is a great favorite here. *Statira*, by Miss Collins, also convinced us she possesses very great abilities: it is a pity she does not take as much pains on every occasion. We say the same of Mrs. Davies. "Turn out" was the Entertainment, and was well played. 15th. "*Rob Roy*." The heroic *Chieftain*, by Mr. Maxfield, and *Helen McGregor*, were about as ridiculously performed as they could be. The other characters were uncommonly well sustained, as was *Myrtillo*, in the Melo drame of "*the Broken Sword*," by Miss Kelly. 17th. "*Marriage of Figaro*." We thought no play could be so caricatured as "*Rob Roy*;" but this attempt of Mr. Keene's to play *Figaro* quite astonished us. Mr. K. is a very gentlemanly performer, at least will be so when he leaves off that everlasting grin; but he has no voice, and such a character as *Figaro* is wholly above his power. The other characters were finely supported, particularly *Susanna*, and *Count Almaviva*. 19th. Mrs. Cowley's comedy of "*More Ways than One*." *Miss Juvenile*, by Mrs. Jefferson, brought down peals of applause. This truly respectable lady always performs well, and we are surprised the London managers do not appreciate her abilities as the inhabitants of this town, Southampton, and Chichester do. "*Joan of Arc*" closed the evening's entertainment. We wish Mrs. Egerton could have been the lady who attempted *Joan*: we mention no names, because altogether the Drama was so ridiculously performed, that we could not be sufficiently severe. 21st. "*Fortunes of Nigel*," and "*Warlock of the Glen*," for the benefit of Mr. Maxfield, under the patronage of the Officers of the Marines; the house was crowded to suffocation. 29th. The Officers of the garrison will perform "*Julian*" for the benefit of Miss Kelly, who performs *Princess Annabel*.

The Company open in Chichester, on the 2d inst., with the "*Jenalous Wife*," *Mrs. Oakley*, by Miss Kelly, who also performs the "*Actress of all Work*" as the afterpiece.

Portsmouth, April 28th, 1823.

It is said that "the hopes of issue" have in two or three cases been nearly rendered abortive, by the terrific performance of Mr. Bengough in *Richard the Third*.—The managers have much to answer for in placing Mr. B. in such an extremity, and should be reminded in the words of *Bottom* "to bring in God shield us, a lion among ladies! it is a most dreadful thing! for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living."—If Mr. B. must roar, we hope it will be more like "a sucking dove," for as he does roar at present, we are certain, not even a half-price Surrey "critic in black," namely, chimney-sweep, would say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

THE HISTORY OF THE



BY JAMES H. BROWN

M^r. WILKINSON.



M^r. JOHN REEVE.

*in the Whole of his Characters in
Bachelors Torments.*